

# ALIENS

MORE THAN HUMAN



09

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A L I E N S™

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# ALIENS™

## MORE THAN HUMAN

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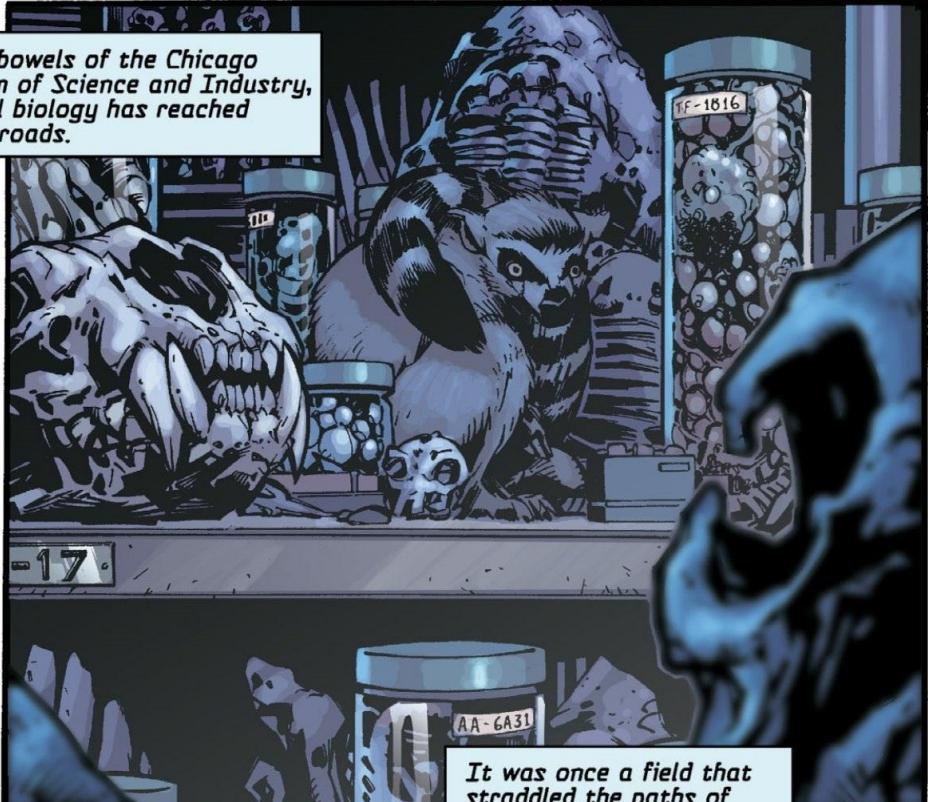
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*In the bowels of the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, cultural biology has reached a crossroads.*

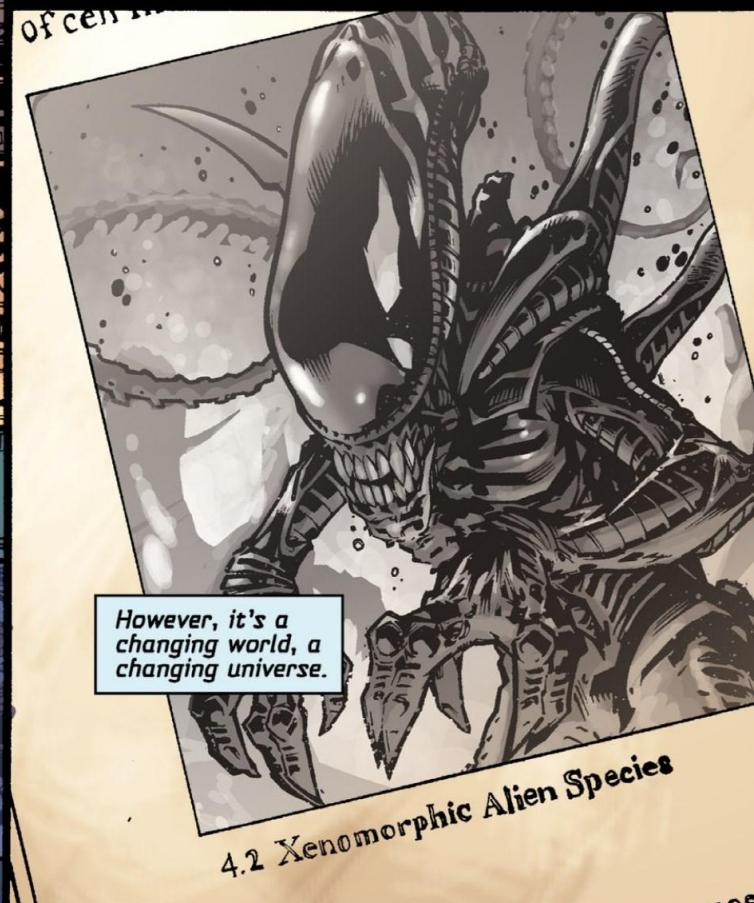
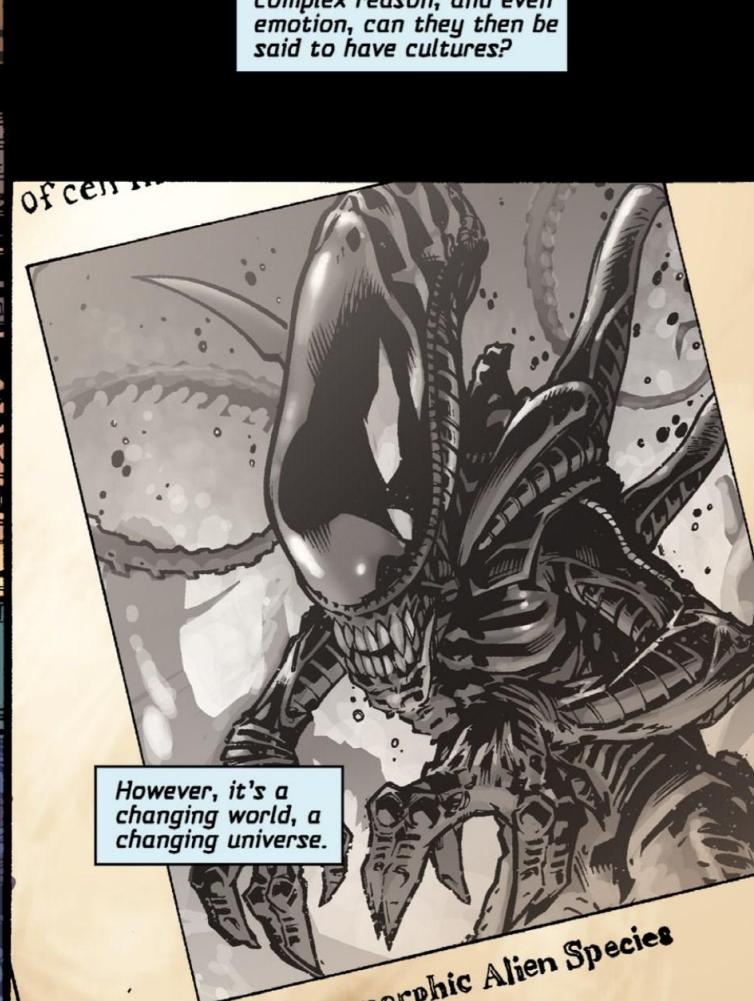


*It was once a field that straddled the paths of biology and sociology, and a way to combine the two.*



*By comparing divergent cultural views of a biological reality--such as aging--a more complete understanding can be realized--resulting in better Alzheimer's treatments, for instance.*

*Reality--such as aging--a more complete understanding can be realized--resulting in better Alzheimer's treatments, for instance.*



*It was not too long ago that a xenomorphological species of apparent extraterrestrial origin appeared on Earth.*

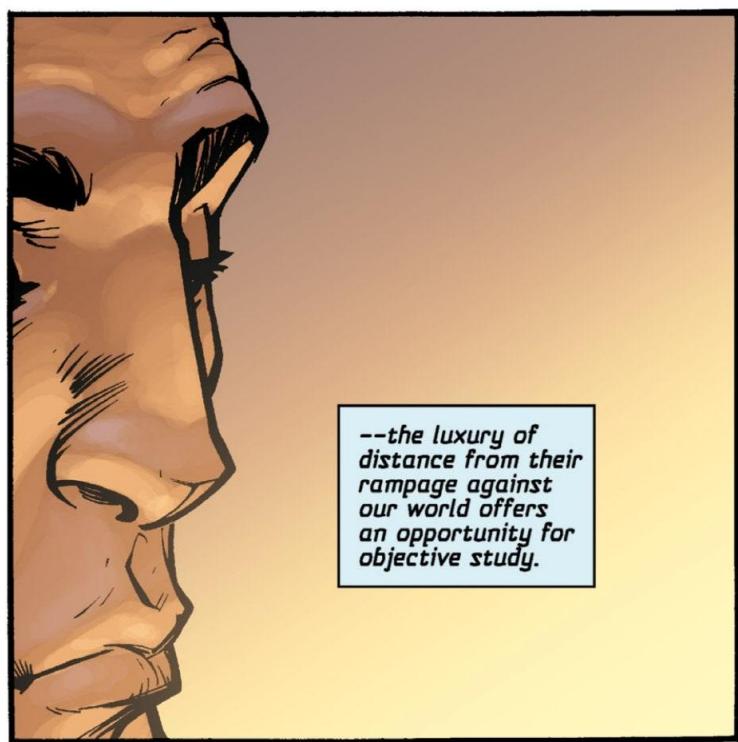
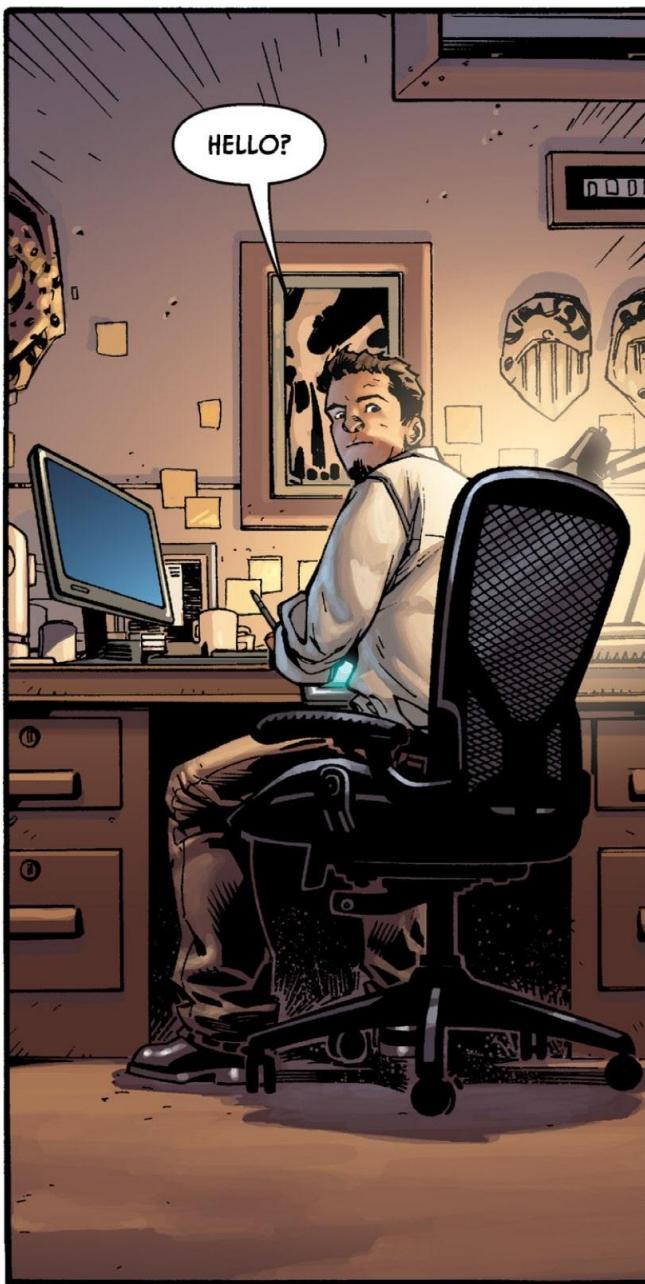


*As with most invasive species, it thrived.*

*In some spots, its proliferation led many to believe that the human race itself would go extinct.*



*Now that the exact inverse has proven true--which is to say the extermination of the xenomorphs--*



*--the luxury of distance from their rampage against our world offers an opportunity for objective study.*

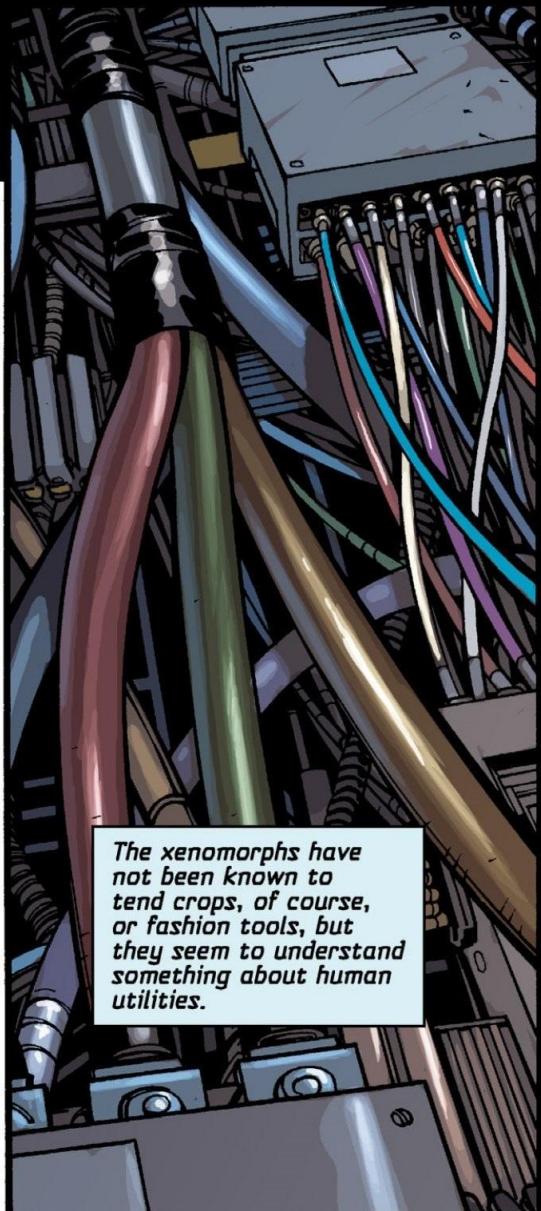


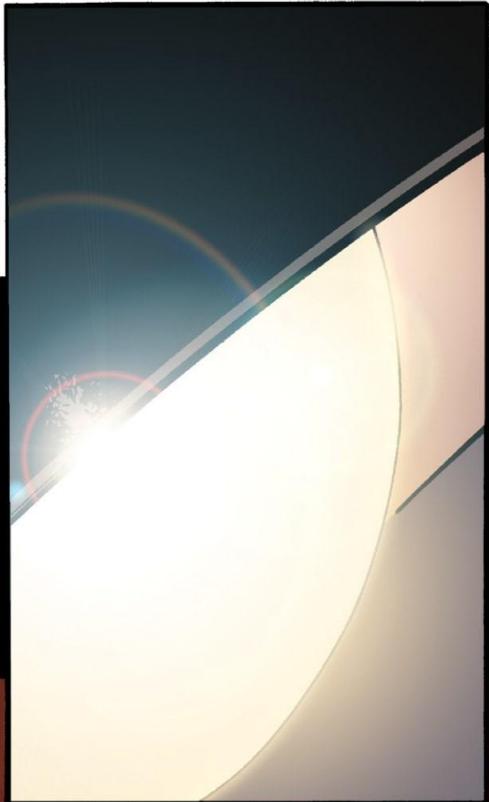
We've observed more of these creatures, by far, than any other superplanetary life forms.

If there is intelligence elsewhere in the galaxy, statistically speaking, they are our best candidates.

It seems unfortunate, then, that they parallel Earth insects more than anything else.







*Such limited data are insufficient to arrive at any conclusions about actual reasoning power.*

*And nobody would ever propose breeding xenomorphs to satisfy that curiosity.*





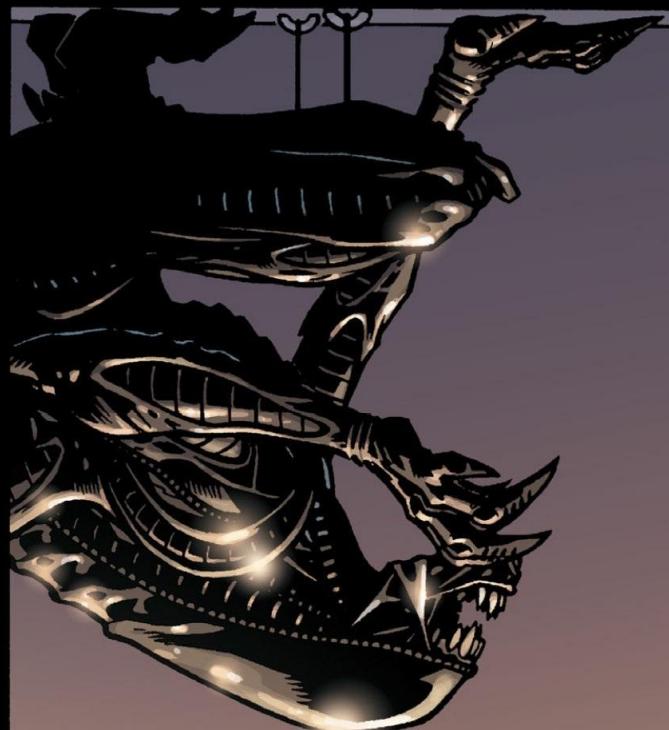
So the  
cosmos  
beckons.





--it's hard to  
say what we  
could miss.









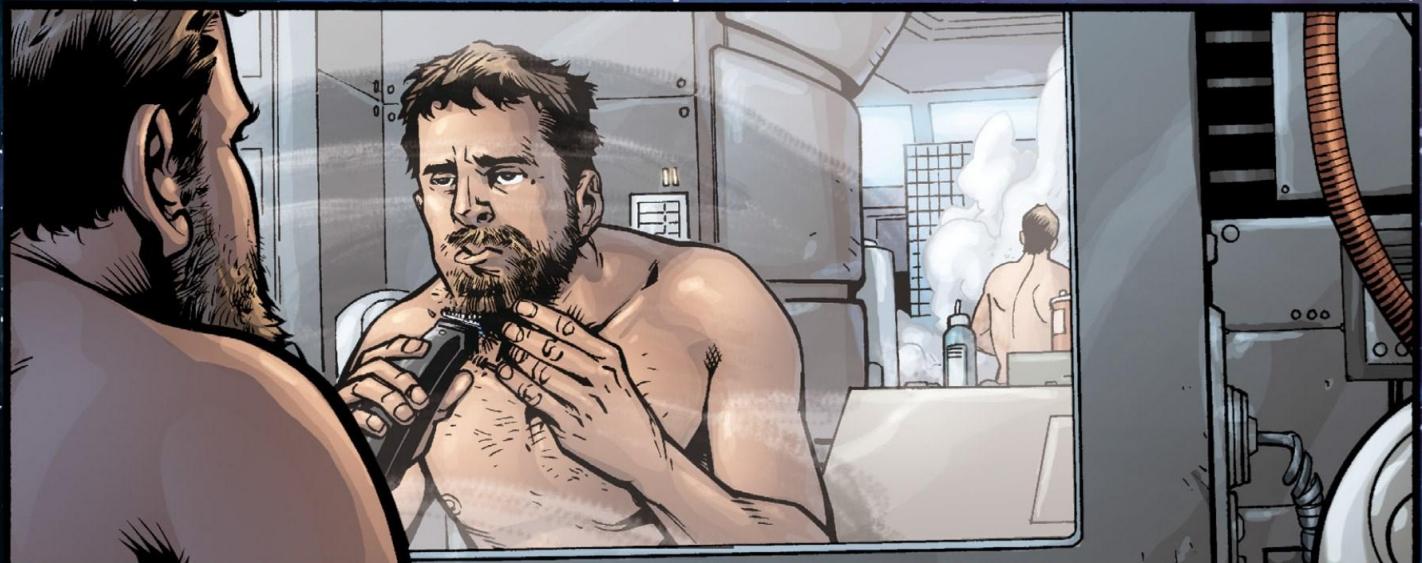
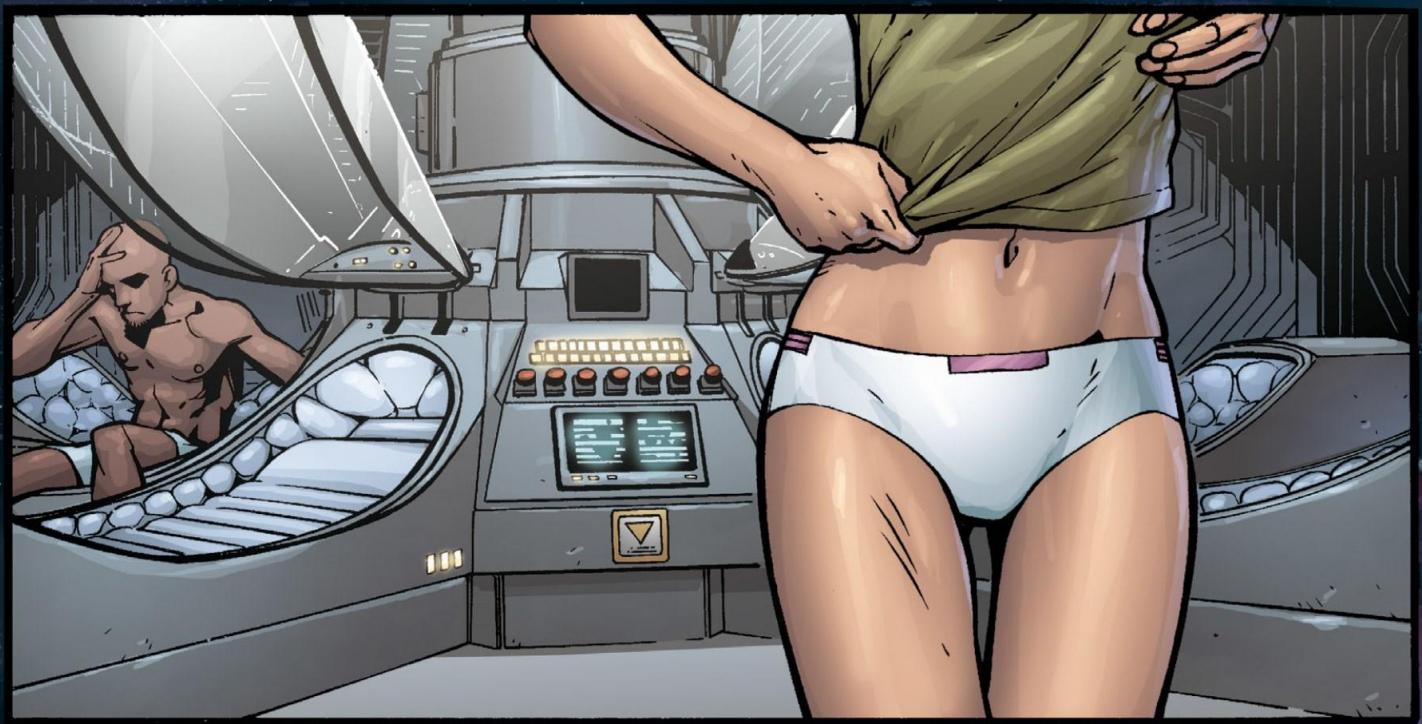


HEY! HEY,  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

HELLO?

ARE YOU  
OKAY?

PLEASE  
BE OKAY...







YOU KNOW,  
THE HONITO CREW  
AREN'T THE FIRST TO  
REPORT A NON-HUMAN  
ARTIFACT.

YES,  
FREDERICK,  
WE'VE ALL HEARD THE  
STORIES ABOUT LV-426,  
BUT NOTHING WAS  
RECOVERED. NOT EVEN  
PICTURES.

THE  
PROBLEM WITH  
TRAVELING WITH  
SCIENTISTS IS, THEY  
ALL WANT TO PROVE  
HOW MUCH SMARTER  
THEY ARE THAN  
YOU.

HEY, I'M  
A LITTLE FUZZY  
ON THE DETAILS  
HERE. WHAT'S  
THE HONITO  
CREW?

AND  
HOW DID  
WE FIND THAT  
EXACTLY?

"HONITO  
CREW"?

VIDAR

MAYBE  
NOT ALL OF  
THEM.

HEY,  
COME ON. I WAS  
IN THAT POD FOR,  
WHAT? EIGHTEEN  
MONTHS? MESSES  
WITH YOUR  
MEMORY, YOU  
KNOW?

Uh-huh.  
THAT'S WHAT THE  
POST-HYPER SLEEP  
REORIENTATION  
VIDEO IS FOR. GO  
WATCH IT.

YEAH, YEAH.  
THEN THEY LEASE OUT  
MINING RIGHTS TO THE  
HIGHEST BIDDER. IT'S  
COMING BACK  
TO ME.

ONLY IN  
THIS CASE, THEY FOUND  
WHAT LOOK LIKE ANCIENT  
STRUCTURES--OR SOMETHING--  
FIRST, AND REALIZED THEY  
HAD A DOUBLE  
BONANZA.

SURE, I  
COULD. OR, YOU  
COULD JUST TELL ME  
IN, LIKE, THIRTY SECONDS.

OKAY. HONITO  
ENTERPRISES IS  
KIND OF A WILDCAT  
OPERATION THAT JUST  
STUMLED ON OUR  
SITE.

FOR YEARS,  
THEY'VE HUNTED UP  
HABITABLE PLANETS IN  
EVERY LOCAL SYSTEM.  
WHEN THEY FIND  
ONE, THEY FILE A  
CLAIM--

THEY'RE ENFORCING A  
UNIVERSAL MINING  
MORATORIUM TO PROTECT  
THE SITE'S INTEGRITY--  
FOR A FEE.

ON TOP OF  
THAT, THEY AUCTIONED  
OFF EXCAVATION PRIVILEGES.  
FORTUNATELY, OUR ACADEMIC  
CONSORTIUM WON.

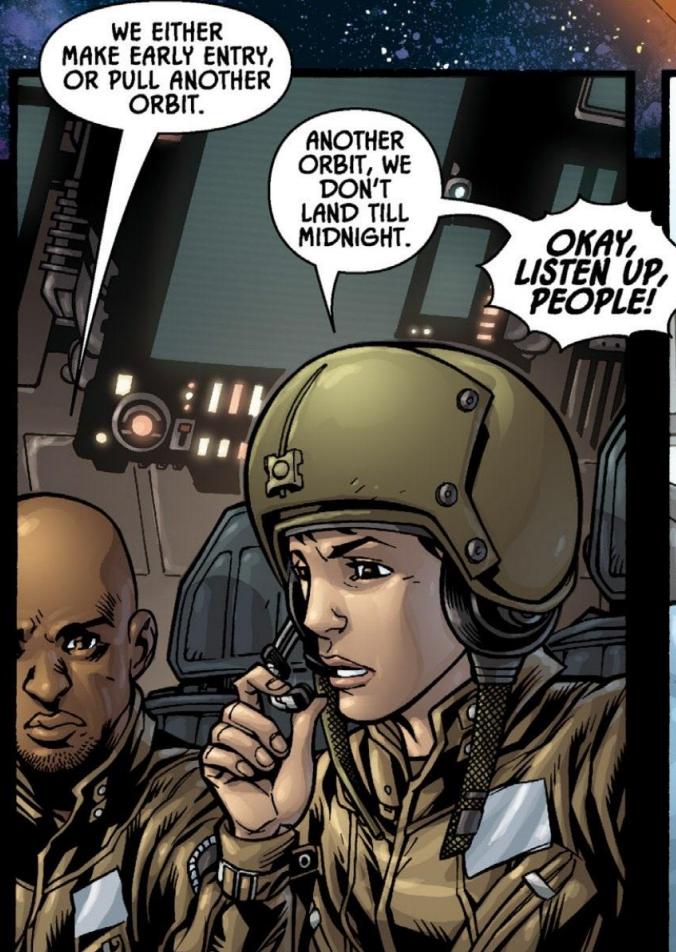
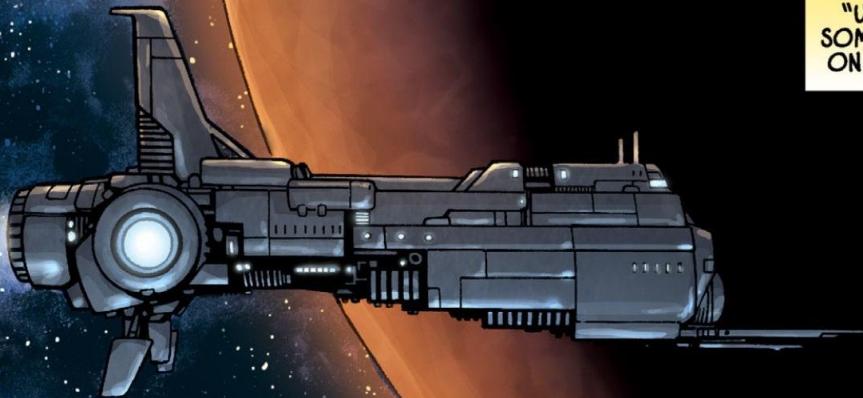
GREAT.  
THANKS.  
SEE?  
THAT WASN'T  
SO HARD.

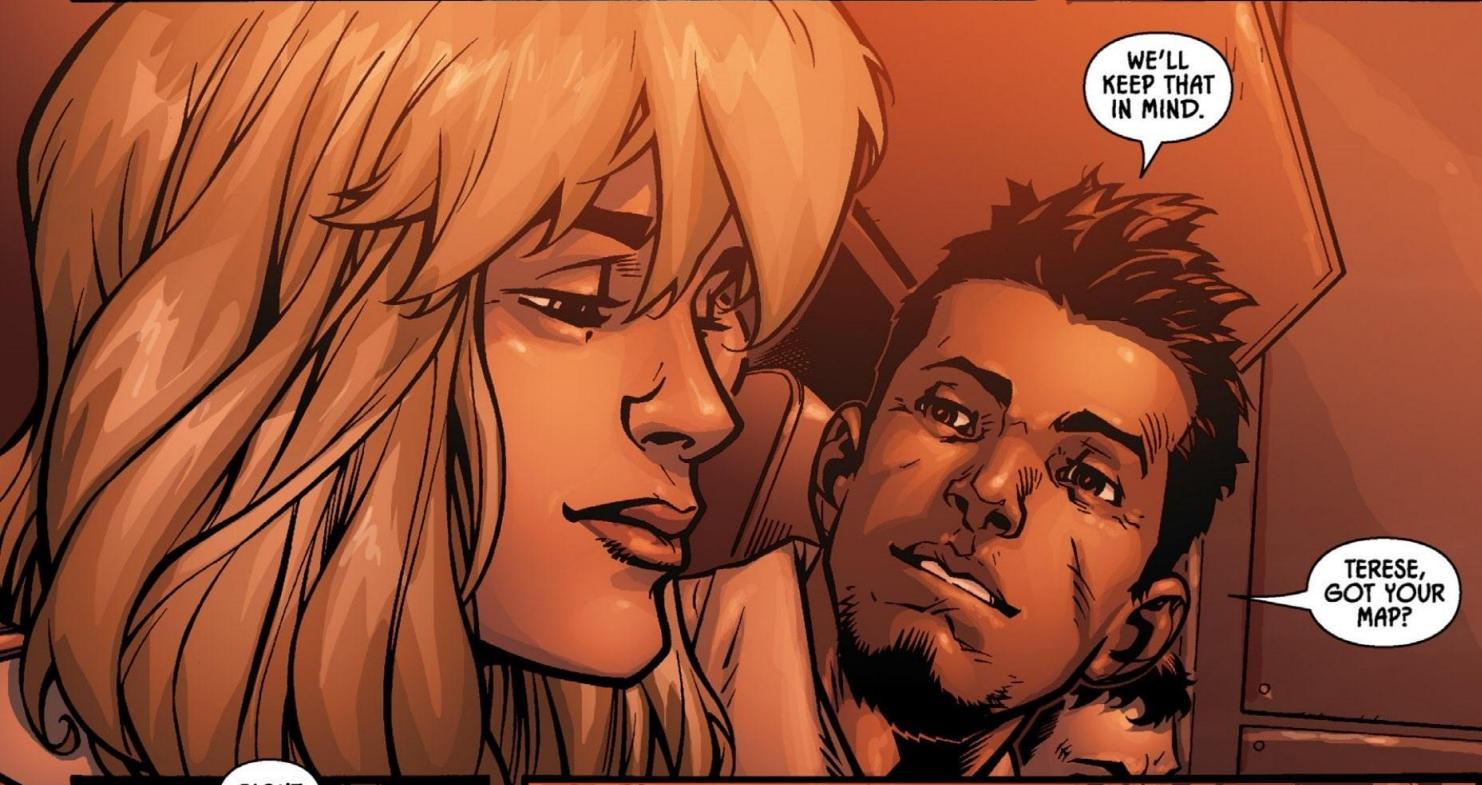
NO, I  
GUESS  
NOT.

SUCKS  
ALWAYS HAVING  
TO BE THE NICE  
GUY, DOESN'T  
IT?

SOMETIMES.

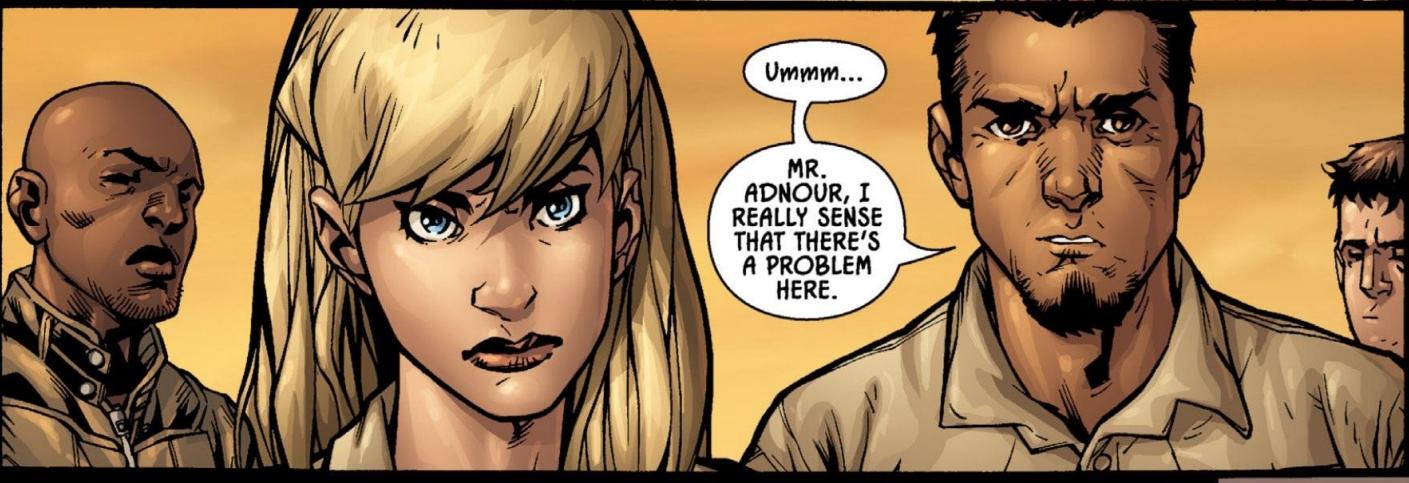
"UH-oh, LOOKS LIKE  
SOME HIGH ION DENSITY  
ON OUR FLIGHT PATH."



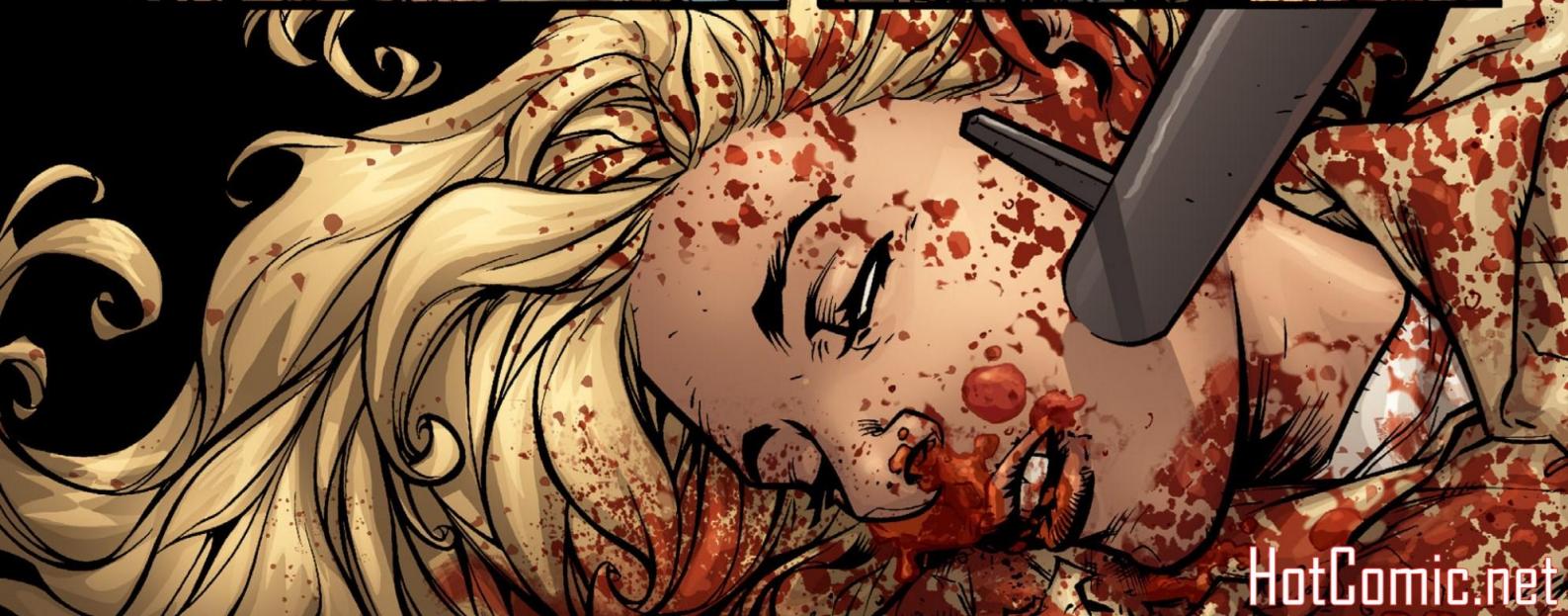
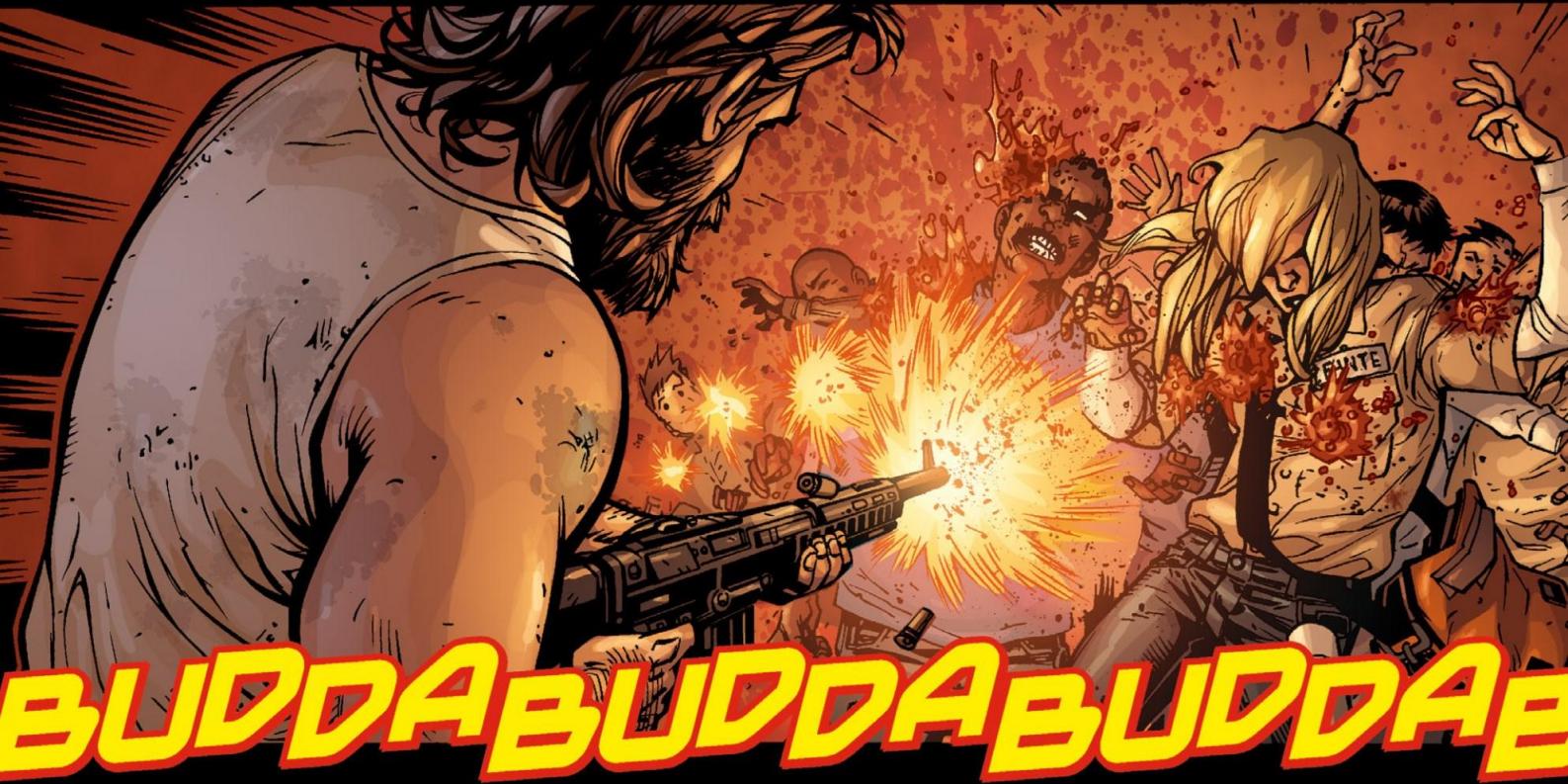






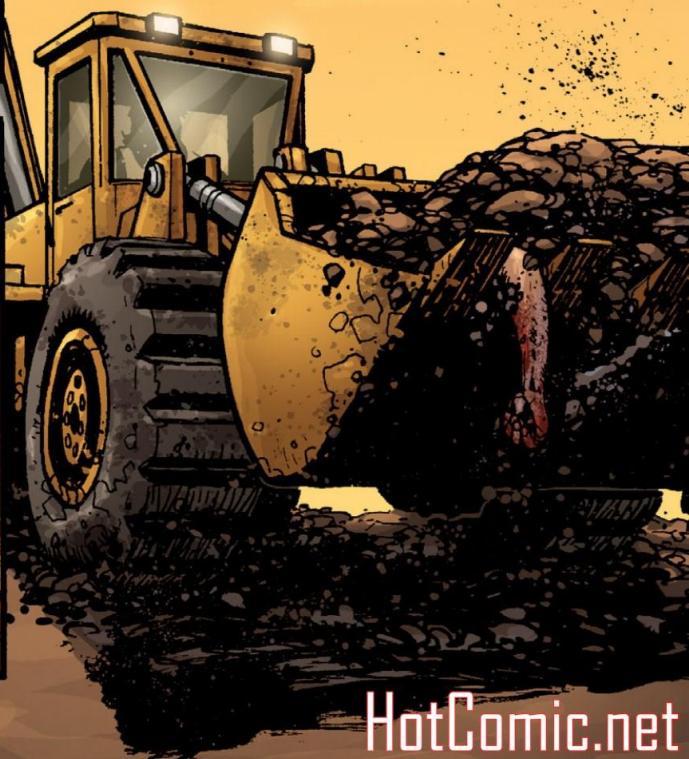








--THEY'RE  
OURS ALONE  
NOW."





I STILL CAN'T  
RAISE KATHERINE.  
ETAIN SAYS HE  
CAN'T EITHER.

DON'T  
WORRY.

KATHERINE'S TEAM HAD  
TO HIDE THE **BLESSINGS**  
BEFORE THE WARSHIP  
CAME.

THAT'S AN  
IMPORTANT MISSION.  
THAT'S HER FOCUS,  
NOT THE RADIO.  
SHE'LL BE BACK.

BUT IF  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED...

THE WORST THING  
THAT COULD HAPPEN,  
WE JUST PREVENTED.  
WE'RE ALL **AWAKE**  
NOW. ALIVE.

OUR HOME  
HAS BEEN **ONLY**  
GOOD TO US.  
YOU KNOW  
THAT.

NOW  
COME ON.  
LET'S GET  
GOING.





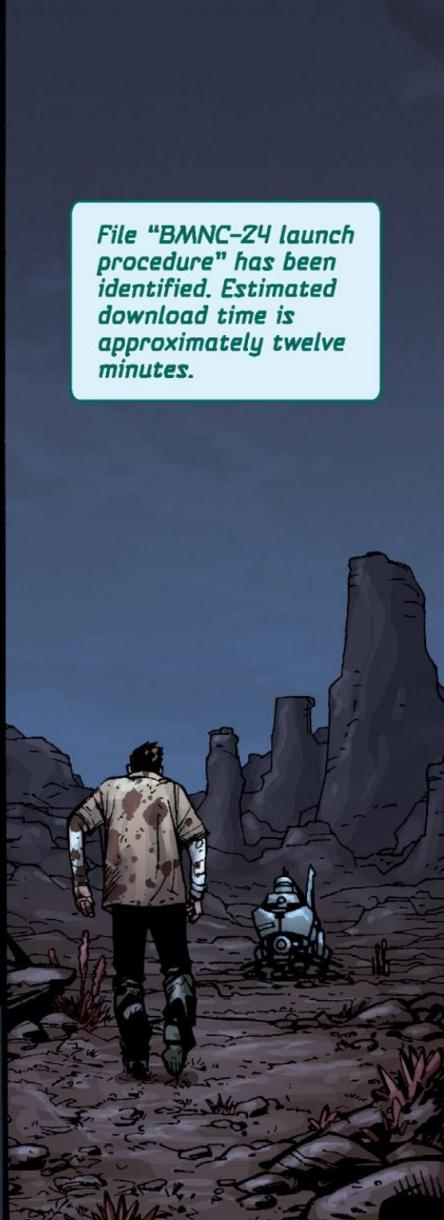


"--HOW CAN YOU  
STILL WORRY?"





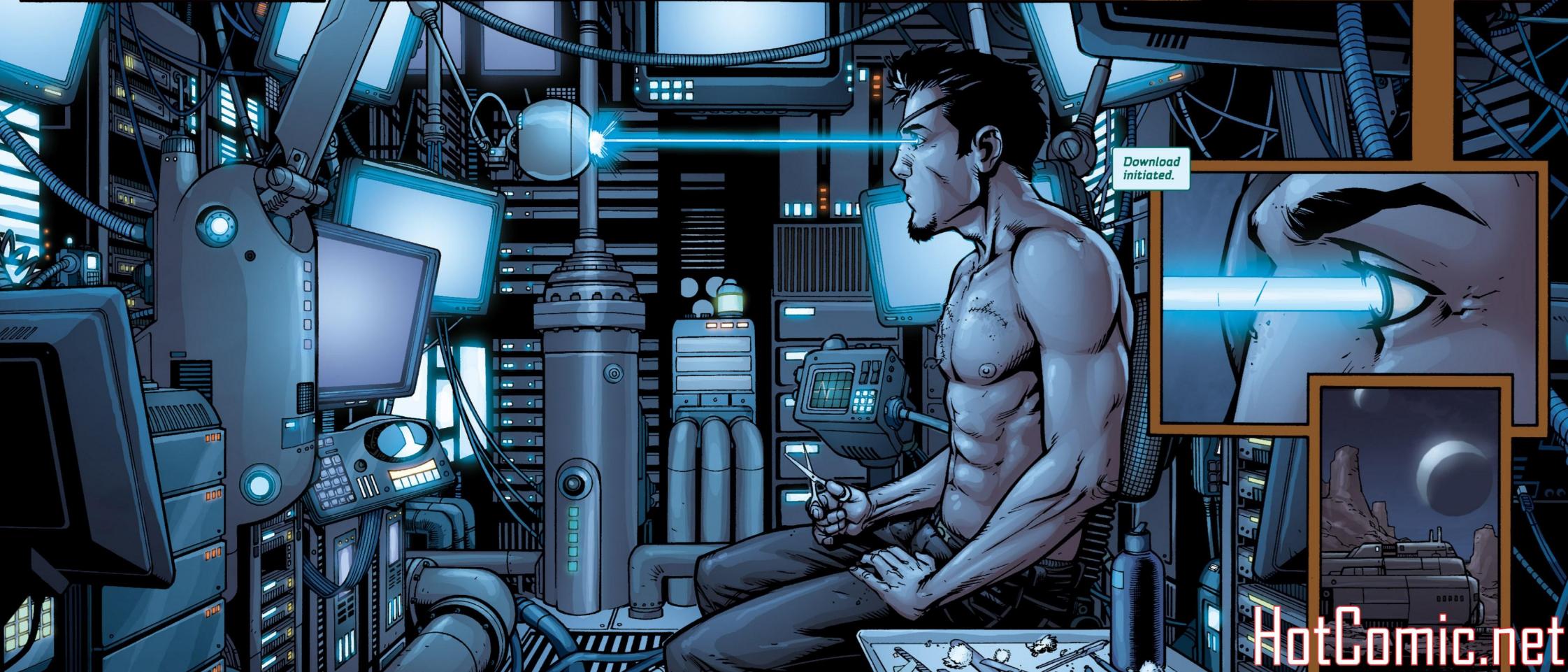
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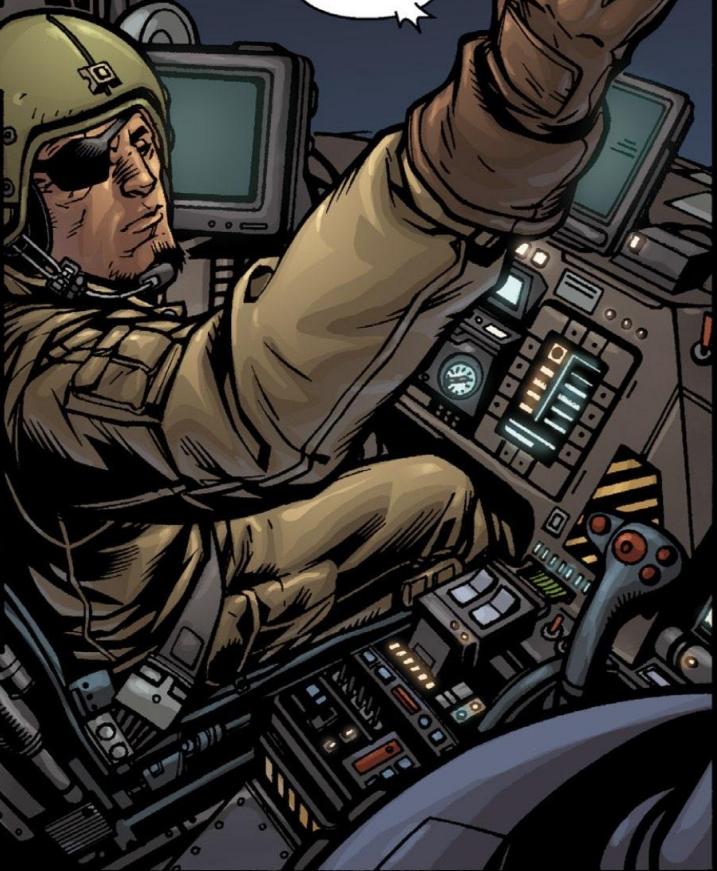


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File "BMNC-24 shield engagement procedure" has been identified. Estimated download time is less than nine minutes.







OH, THANK GOD, THANK GOD!!!

THIS IS ANDREA KEATS!!

ANDREA KEATS FROM HONITO INC. YOU GOTTA HELP ME. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!







I'M IN THE  
CANYON CITY. DO  
YOU KNOW WHERE  
THAT IS?

WE'LL  
FIGURE  
THAT OUT IN  
A SECOND,  
BUT ANDREA,  
TELL ME.

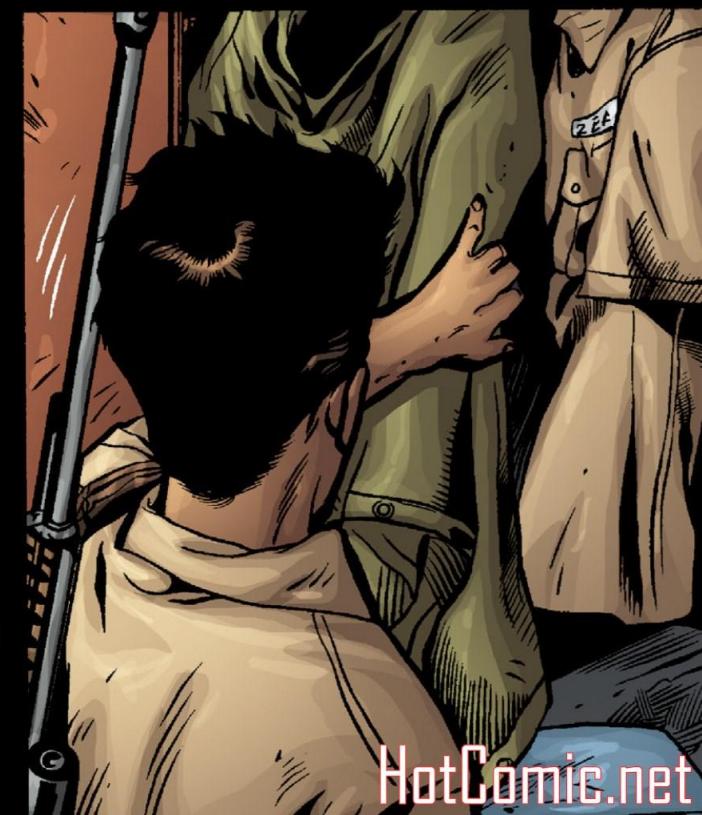
WHO'S  
TRYING TO  
KILL YOU?



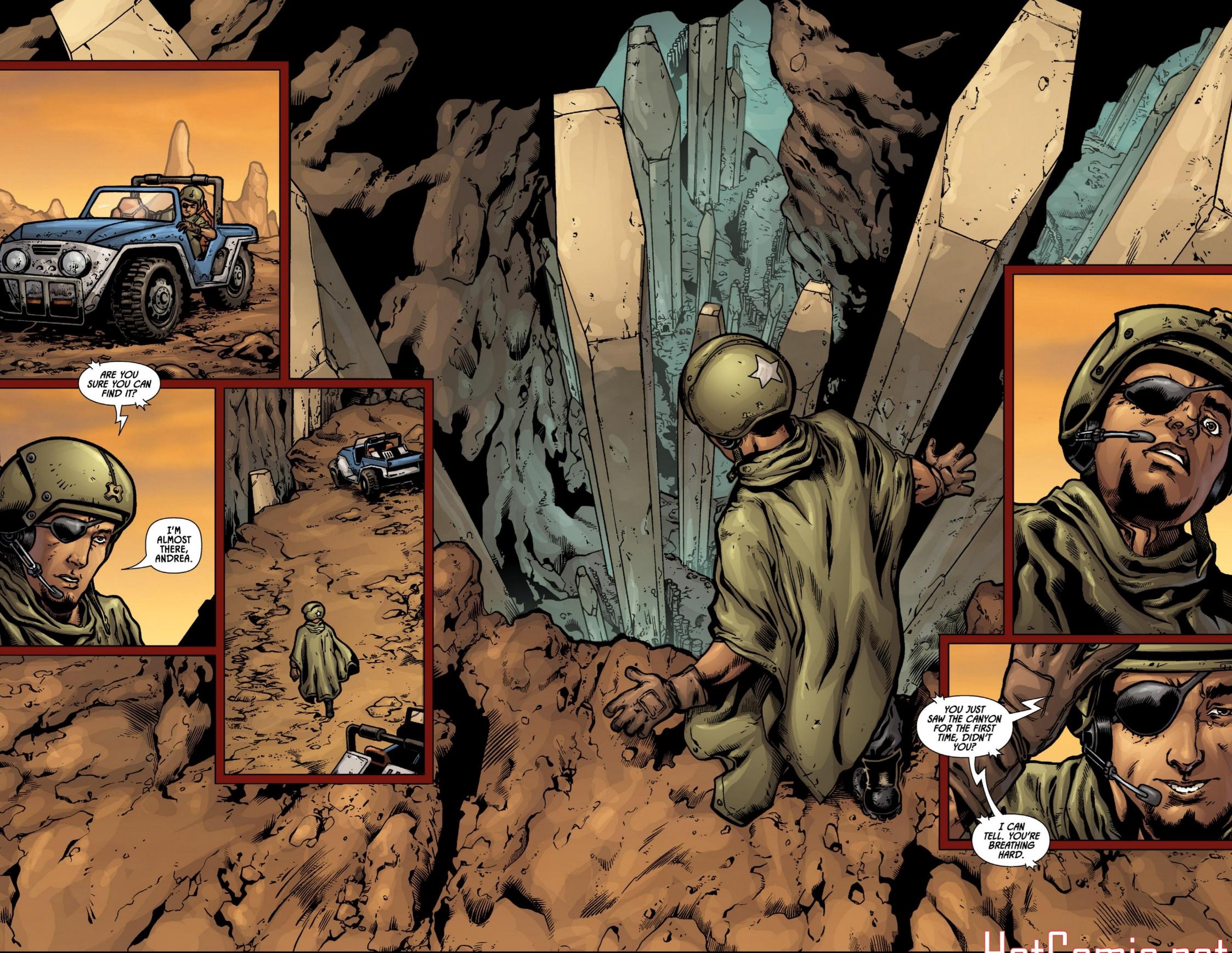
WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN  
"WHO"?

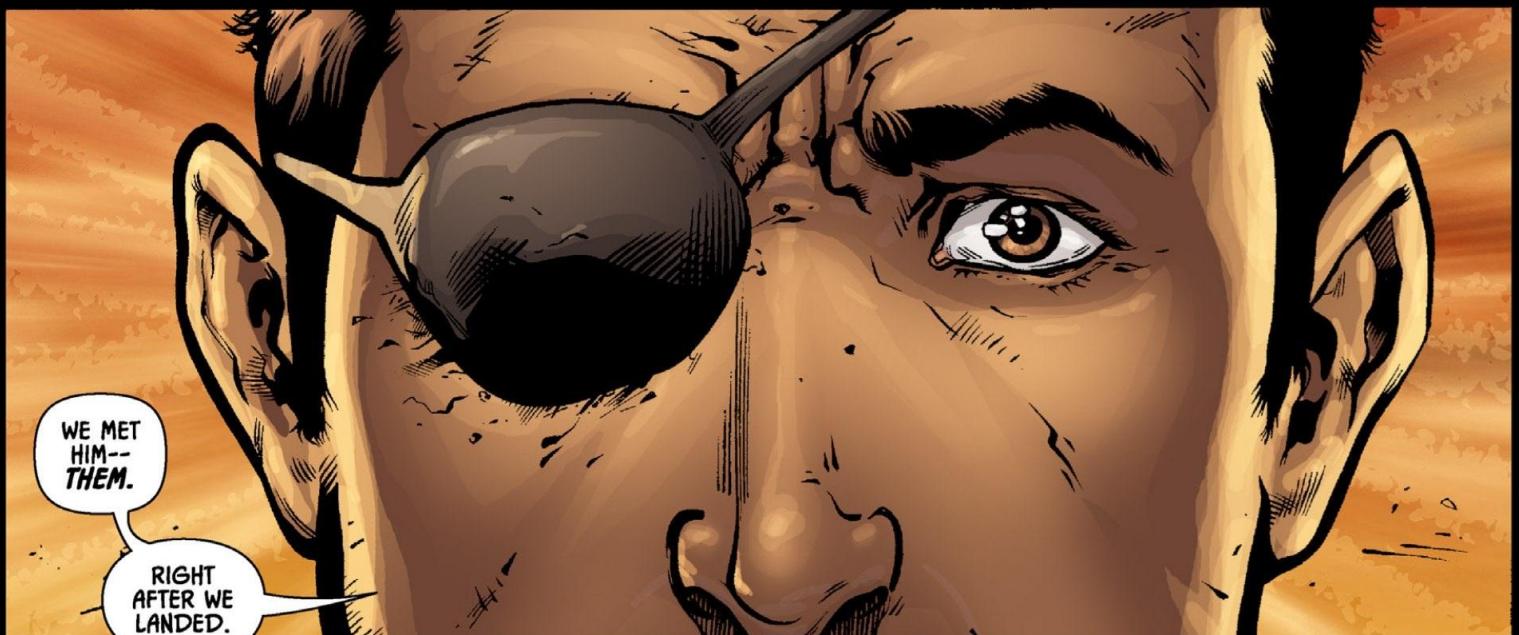


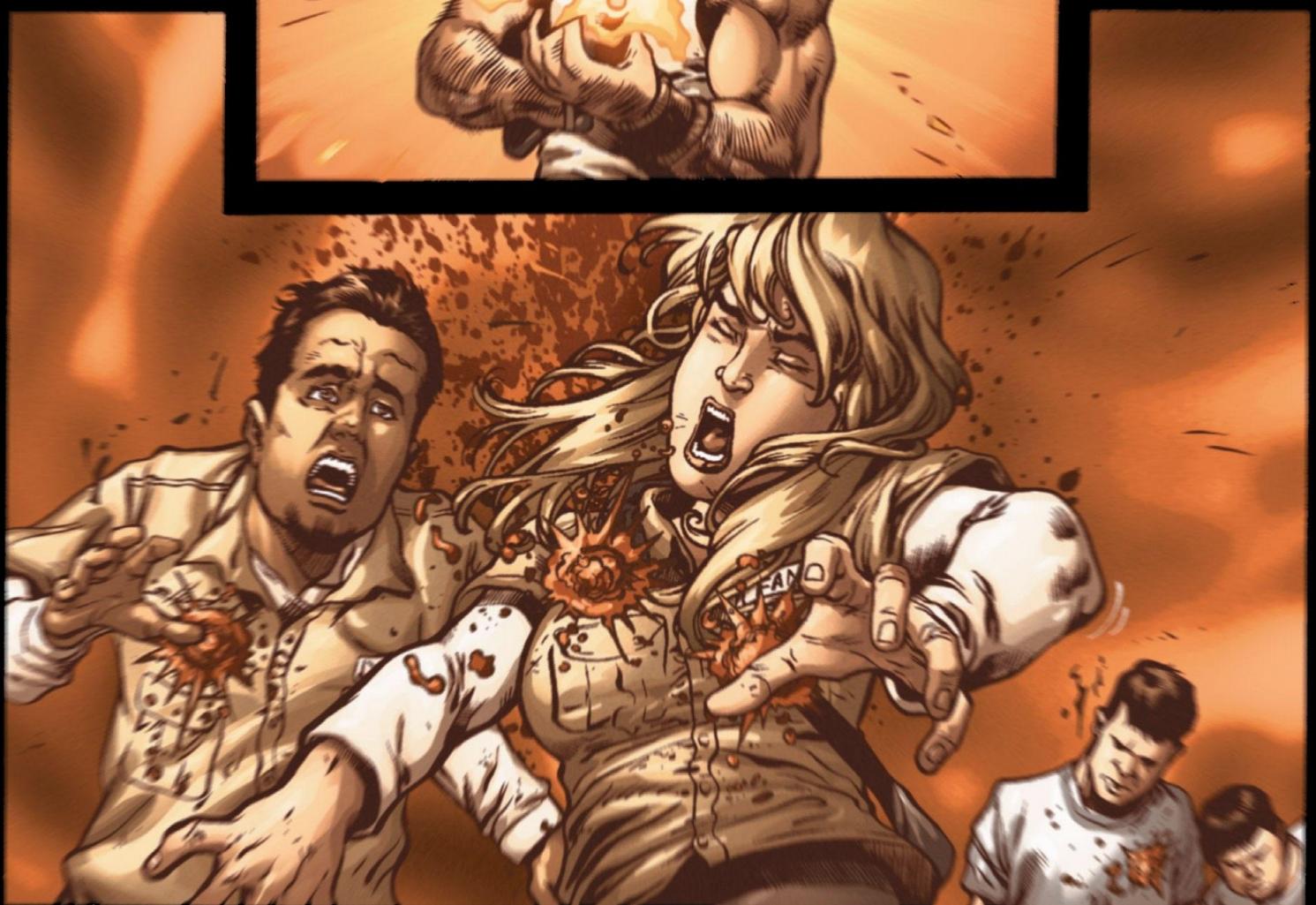
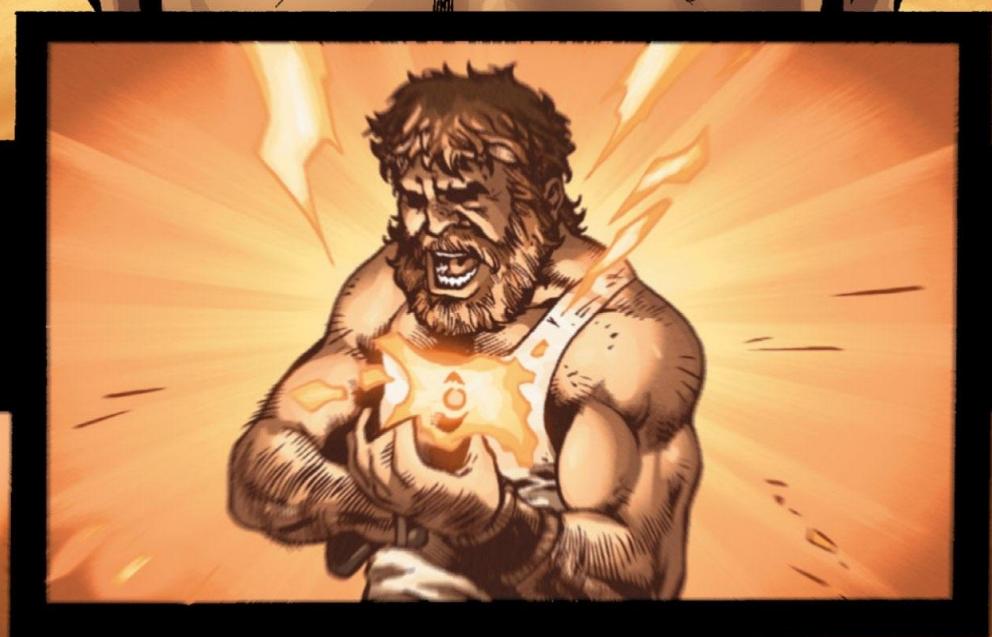
"THE MONSTERS."













YEAH. THAT. IT'S KIND OF EMBARRASSING.





"IT DIDN'T HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE, BUT GRADUALLY, FOLKS STOPPED WORKING ON THE CAMP, OR ON BUSINESS, OR ANYTHING."



"WE JUST STARTED SPENDING ALL OF OUR TIME IN THE CANYON."

"SOMETHING WAS JUST DRAWING US HERE. KEEPING US HERE."



HELLO? YOU STILL THERE?

YES, ANDREA. I'M STILL HERE. I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVING. DIDN'T WANT TO ANNOUNCE MYSELF.



YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU SHOULD BE QUIET. MAYBE YOU WANT TO BREAK RADIO CONTACT?

I DON'T THINK THAT'S NECESSARY. ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU--



"WELL, AT LEAST  
I'M STILL RECEIVING  
HER SIGNAL."

TEMPERATURE'S  
DROPPING FASTER  
THAN EXPECTED. AND  
THESE LUMINESCENT  
FORMATIONS--

MORE.

JUST  
LIKE THE OTHERS.  
PHYSIOGNOMICALLY  
DISCRETE FROM  
KNOWN XENOMORPH  
POPULATIONS.

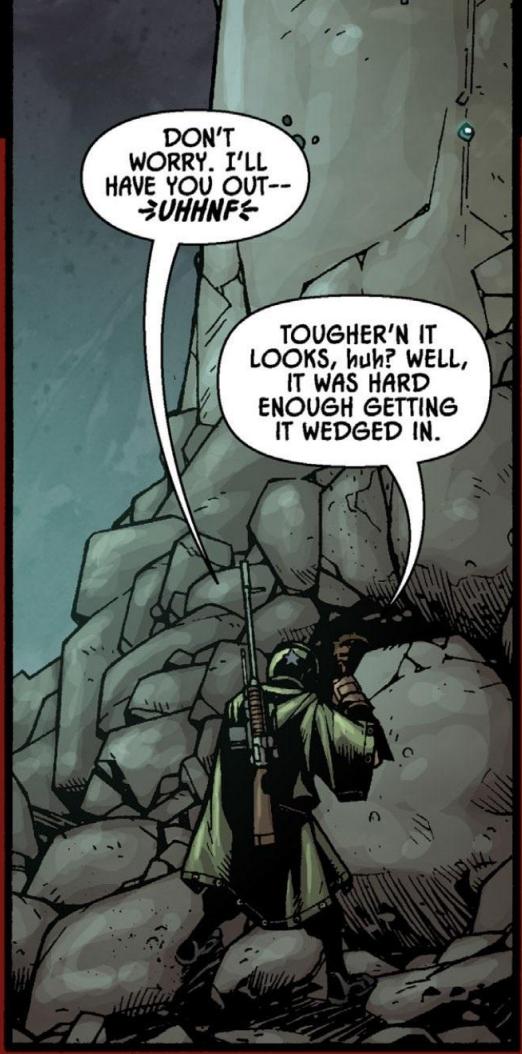
A SUB-  
SPECIES, OR  
A PHENOTYPE,  
PERHAPS.











1100011010  
01011011011  
11001001101  
00111110111  
0101010 *Self--*  
11010101010  
10101001110  
11000110110  
01011011011

1100011010  
01011011011  
11001001101  
0011 *Self-preservation protocol override with primary and secondary behavioral inhibitors.*  
0101  
1101  
10101001110  
11000110110  
01011011011  
11001001101  
00111110111  
0101010110

*Do not KILL by act of omission allow to KILL KILL.*

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

*Do not harm KILL allow to KILL omission KILL.*



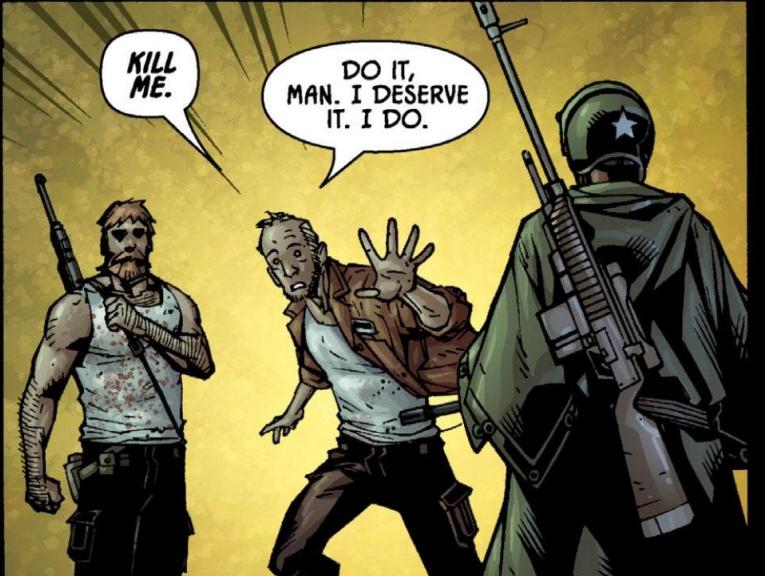




THE SHOTS  
YOU FIRED HAVE  
DAMAGED MY SYSTEMS.

MY  
PROGRAMMING IS  
LESS PREDICTABLE, AND  
I HAVE BEEN HAVING ANOMALOUS...

...THOUGHTS.





BLAM  
BLAM









BLAM











GET IT  
THROUGH  
YOUR HEAD, MAN!  
NOBODY WANTS TO  
HEAR WHAT YOU  
GOT TO SAY!

'SPECIALLY  
ME.



DID  
EITHER ONE  
OF YOU KNOW  
ANDREA?

NOT WELL.  
SHE HAD A  
BROTHER, I  
THINK.

SHE DID.  
I WORKED  
WITH HIM ON A  
SANITATION  
DETAIL.

SHE TOLD  
ME A LITTLE ABOUT  
THE—ABOUT HOW YOU  
ALL SEEMED TO LOSE  
YOURSSELVES, BUT  
NO DETAILS.

EXACTLY?  
WHO KNOWS?

"BUT AS SOON AS WE GOT TO  
THE CANYON CITY, IT STARTED.

"I MEAN, AT FIRST, YOU WROTE IT OFF AS EXCITEMENT,  
BUT AFTER A FEW DAYS, WHEN YOUR HEART WAS STILL  
POUNDING, AND YOU WERE STILL GETTING DIZZY,  
YOU KNEW IT WAS SOMETHING MORE.

"YOU KNEW THE CITY WAS IN YOUR HEAD, BUT YOU KNEW...YOU **THOUGHT** IT WAS OKAY."

"IT WAS OKAY, BECAUSE IT MEANT THE CITY WASN'T DEAD AFTER ALL. IT WAS JUST SICK, AND SAD, AND YOU WANTED TO PROTECT IT."

"EVERYTHING OUTSIDE THE CITY WAS GONE FROM YOUR HEAD. THE CITY WAS EVERYTHING. YOUR CHILD AND MOTHER. IT NEEDED TO BE SAVED, **AND** IT MADE YOU FEEL SAFE."

"FROM EVERYTHING."

"IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT AFTER A BIT, THE CITY GOT BETTER, NOT SO SAD."

"AND SLOWLY, THE CITY OPENED UP TO US."

"WE THOUGHT THEY WERE OUR REWARD, THAT THE CITY HAD GIVEN THEM TO US."

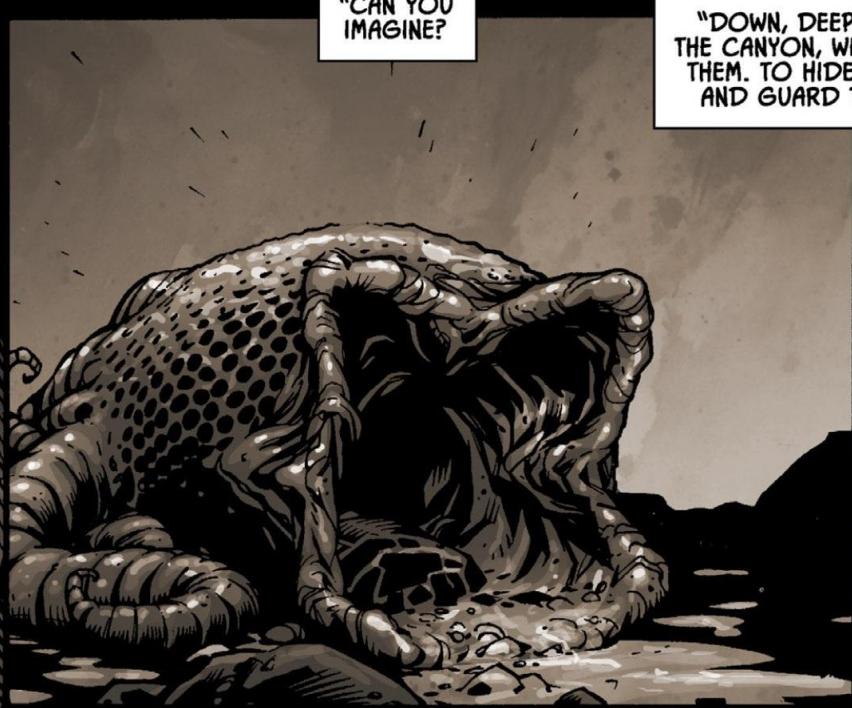


"WE CALLED THEM BLESSINGS."



"CAN YOU IMAGINE?"

"DOWN, DEEP INTO THE CANYON, WE TOOK THEM. TO HIDE THEM, AND GUARD THEM."

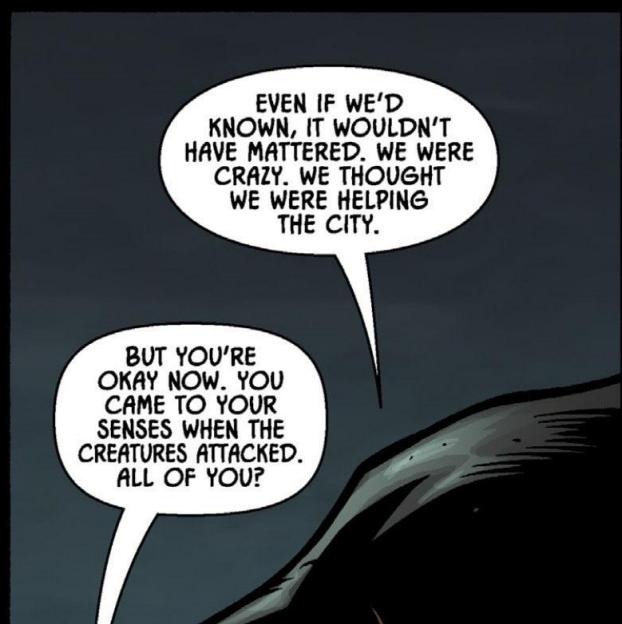


"ONE MORNING, THERE WAS THIS CREATURE, BUT IT WAS DEAD. NOBODY HAD SEEN IT HATCH, NOBODY KNEW ANYTHING."

"BUT WE WERE GOING TO LEARN."



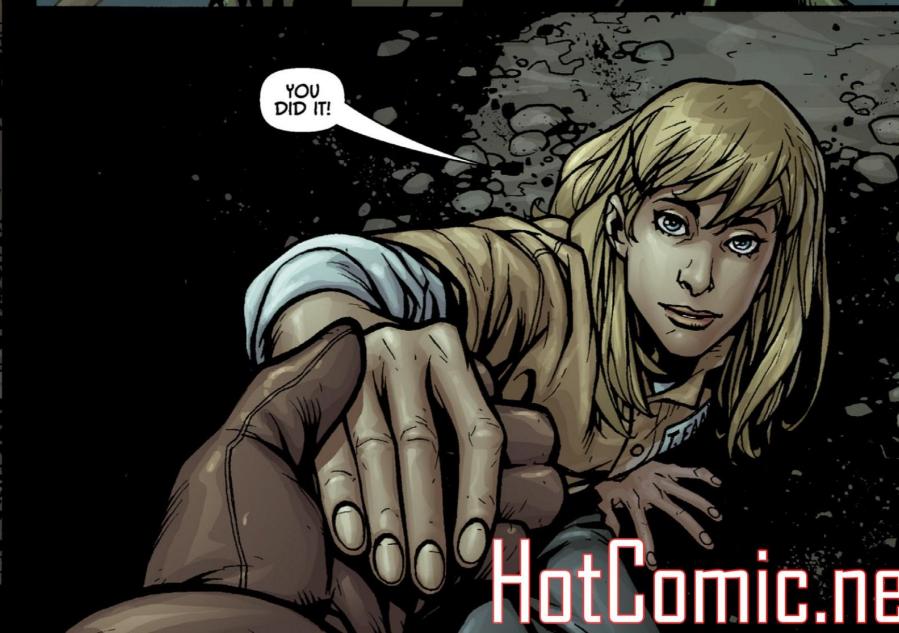
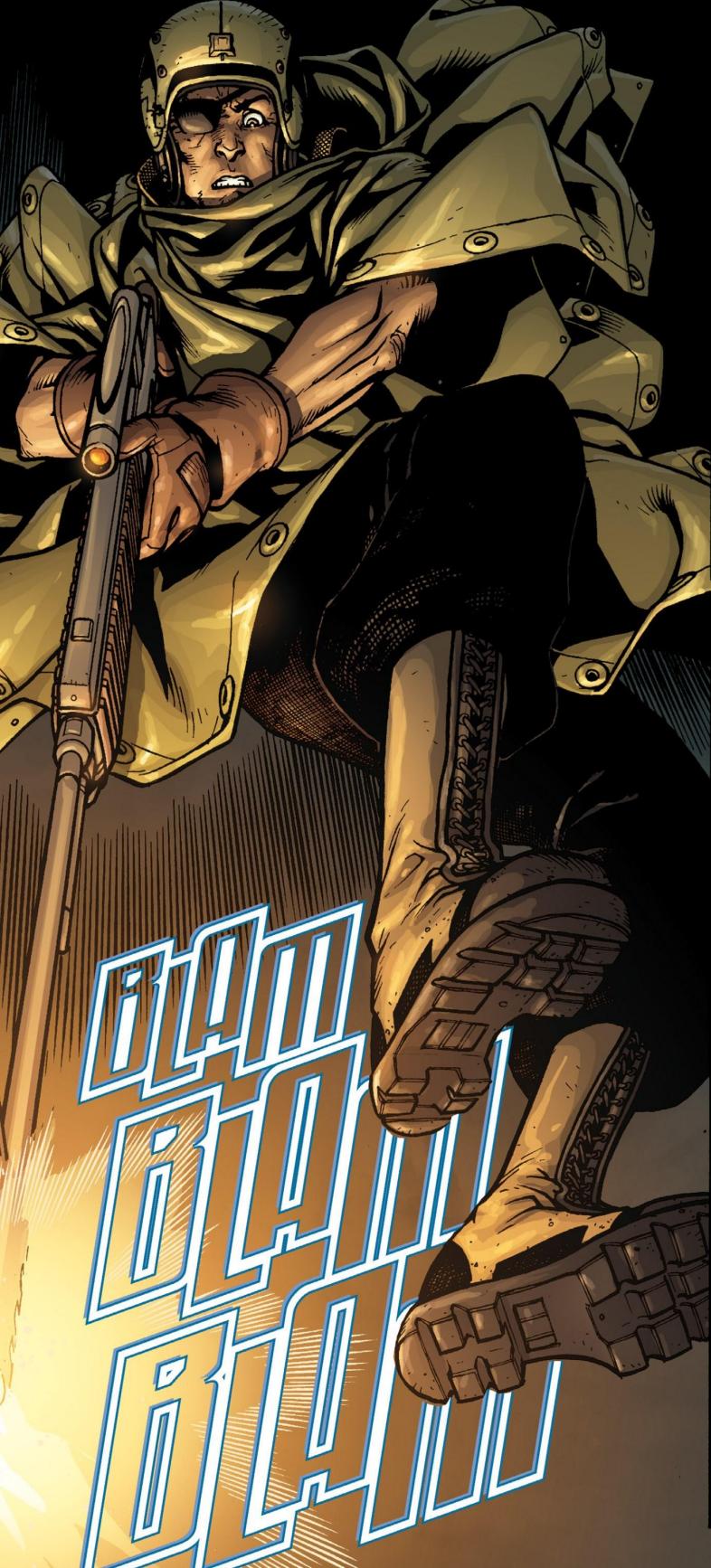


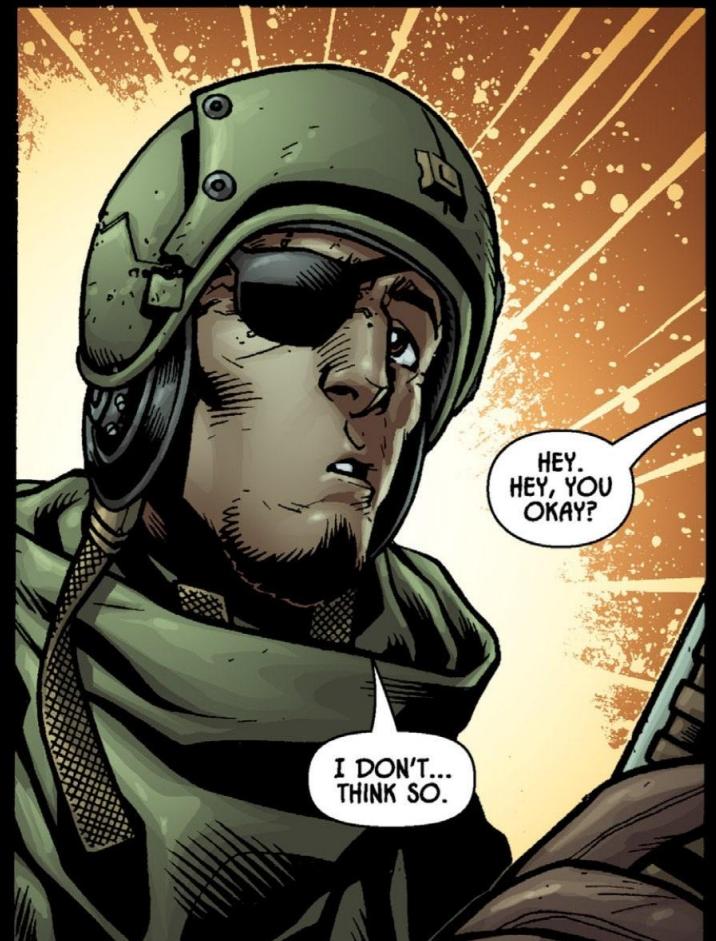




HELP!









I'M GOING  
AFTER ANDREA.  
I DON'T EXPECT  
ANYBODY TO  
COME WITH  
ME.

OH, HI.

NO SIGN  
OF 'EM.

THAT'S  
GOOD.

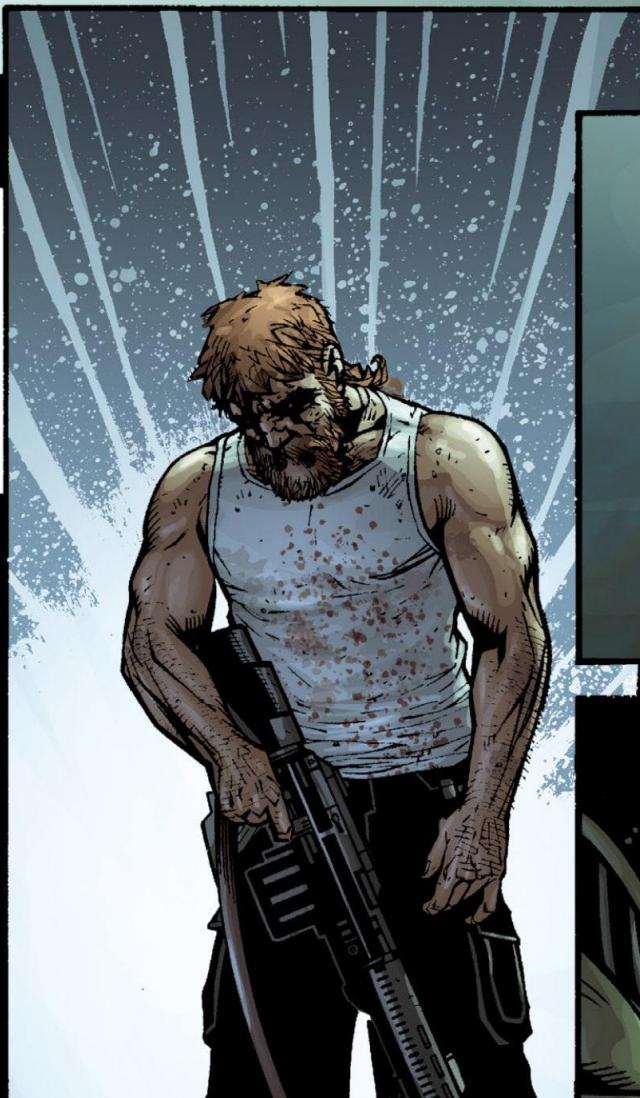
YOU THINK  
HE'S BEING NICE, BUT  
HE'S PROGRAMMED  
TO SAVE LIVES. HE  
DOESN'T HAVE A  
CHOICE.

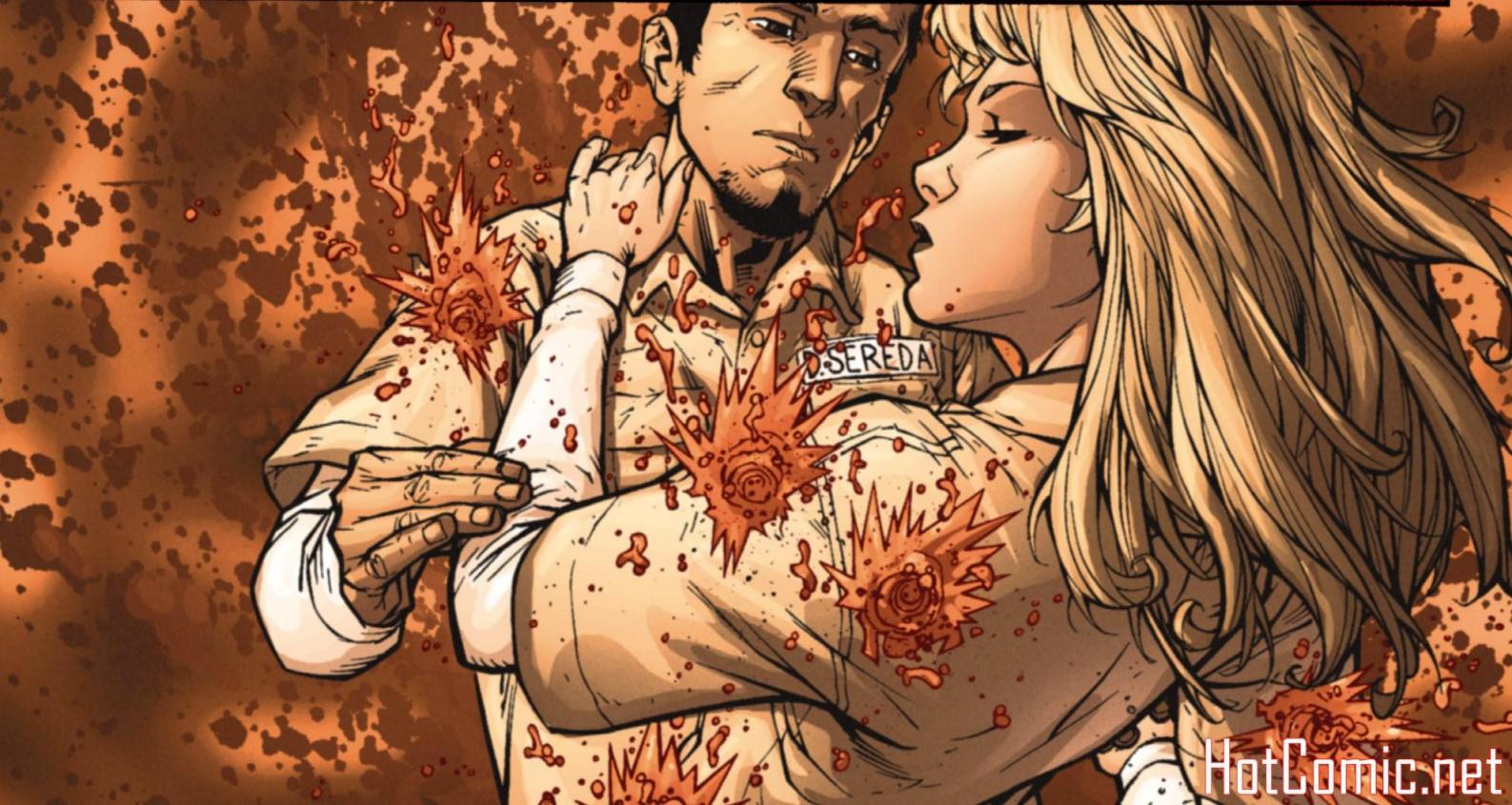
WELL,  
WE DO!

MR.  
SEREDA!  
WAIT UP!

HEY,  
SYNTH!



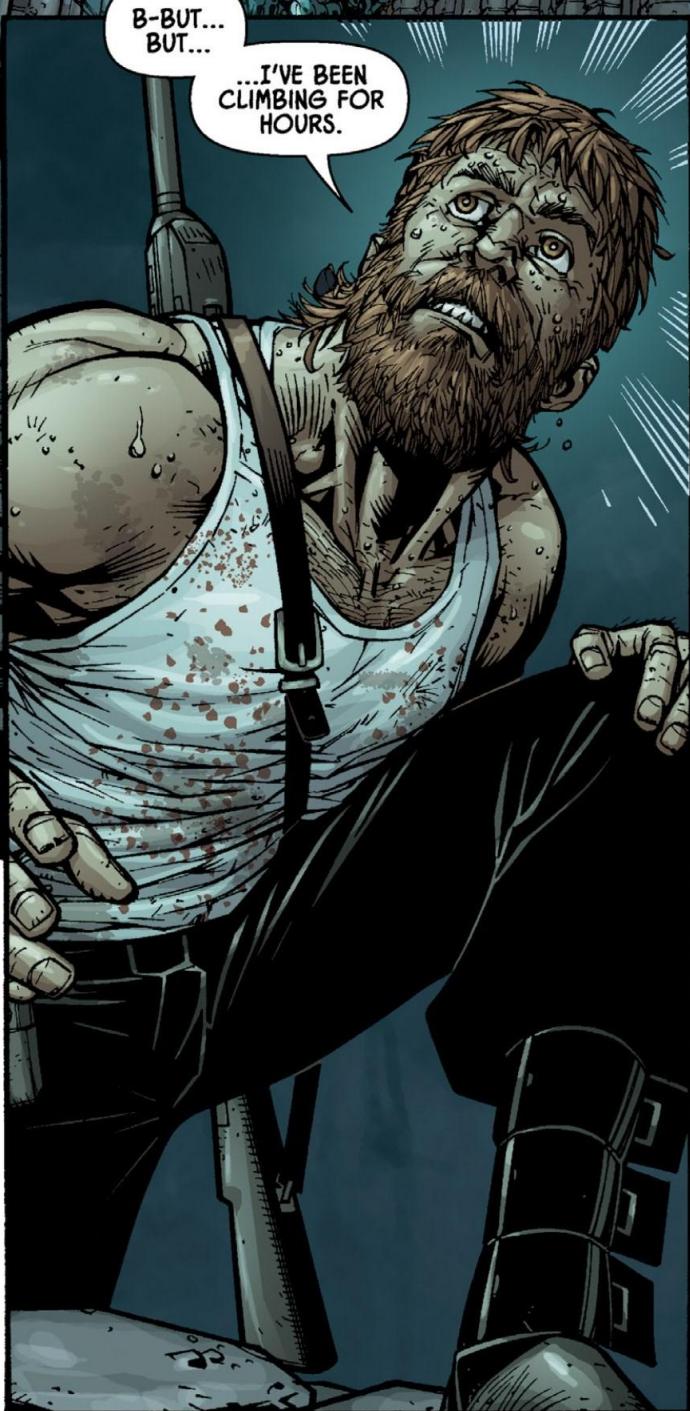






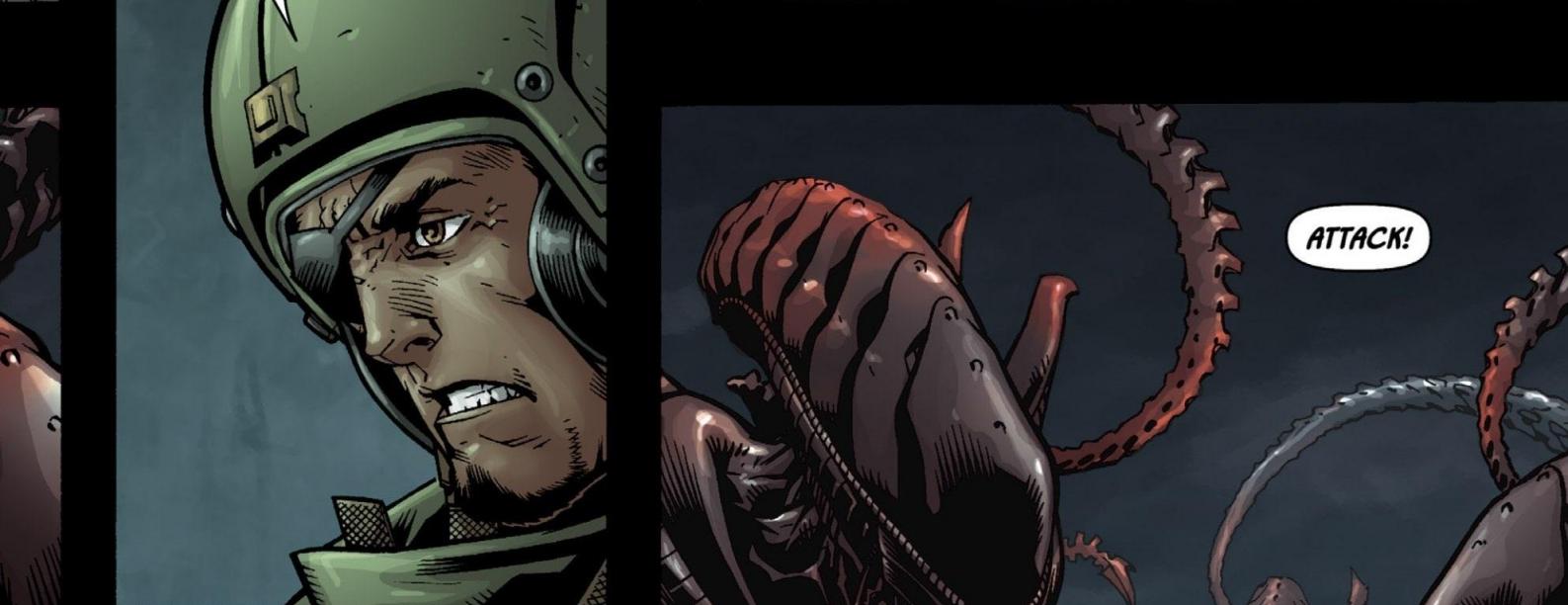




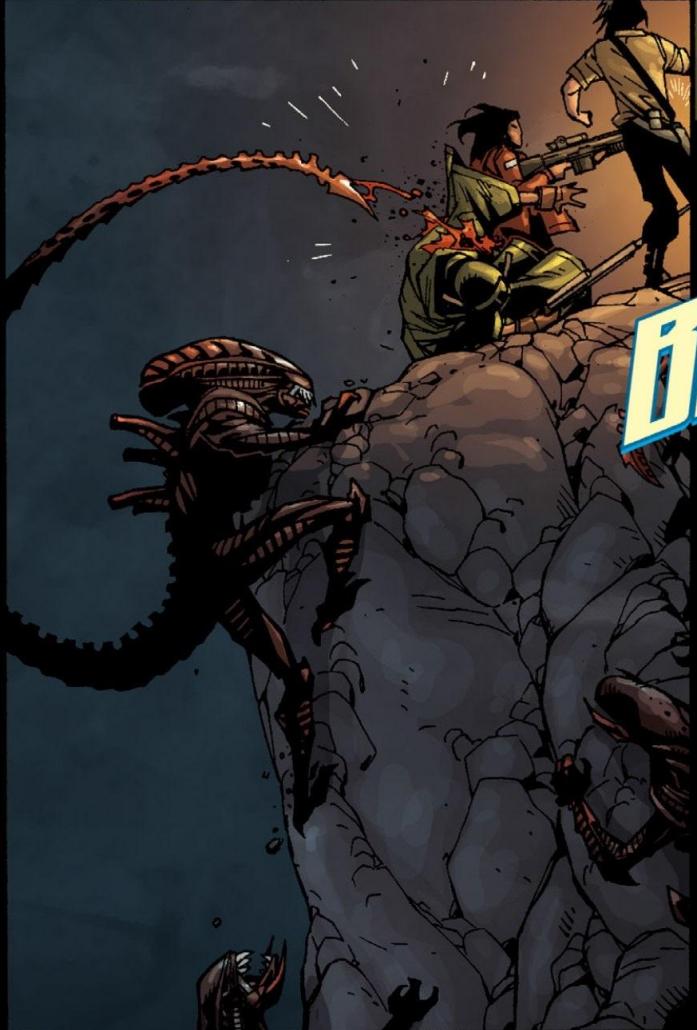






















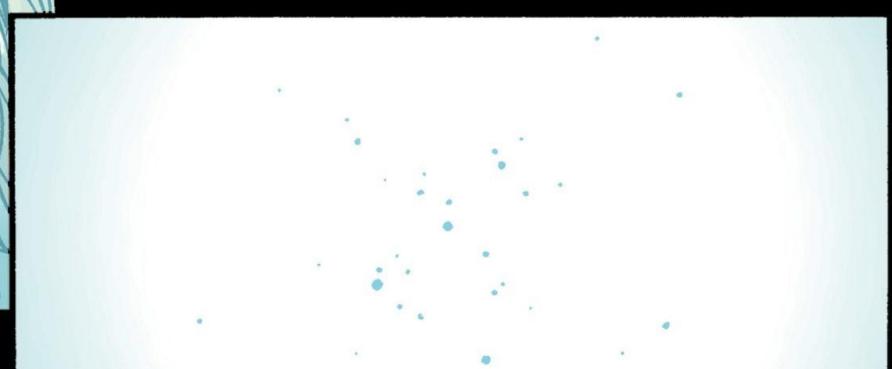
--AND  
SEE.

BEAUTIFUL.  
YOU NEED....  
I NEED...

YEAH,  
YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT. I  
REMEMBER.



I DO.  
I DO. I DO.  
I DO...

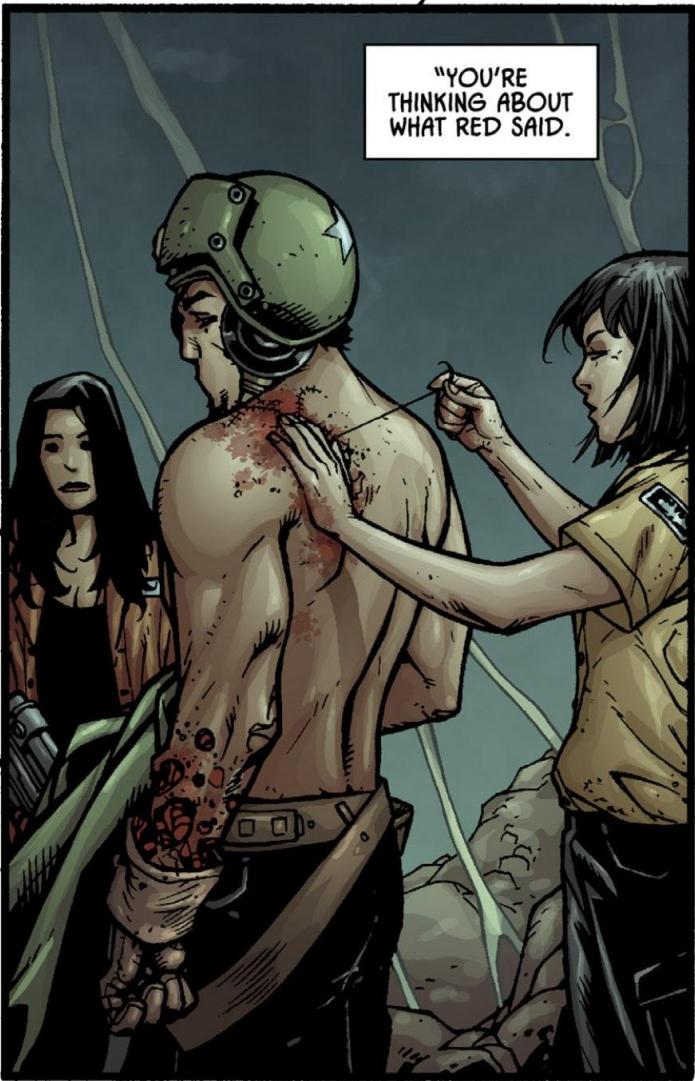




"I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE THINKING."



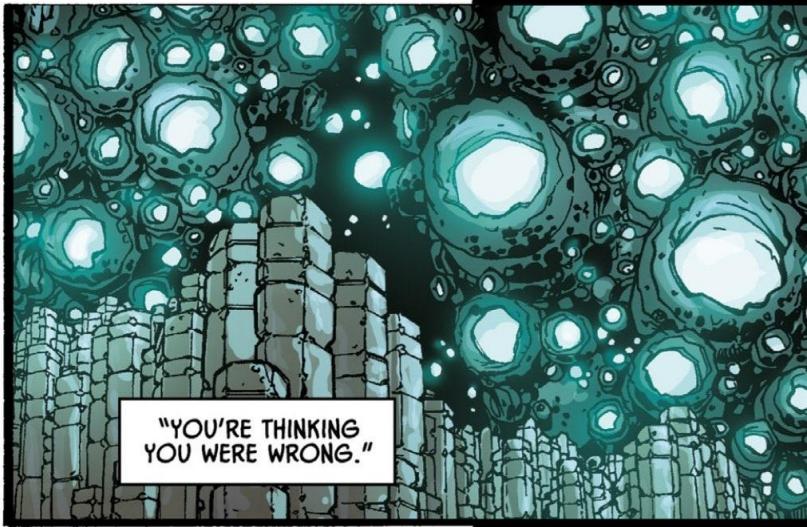
"YOU'RE  
THINKING ABOUT  
WHAT RED SAID."



"AND  
ABOUT  
GARY."



"YOU'RE THINKING  
YOU WERE WRONG."





BUT YOU  
WEREN'T WRONG.  
YOU WERE RIGHT.  
YOU WERE.

ACTUALLY,  
I'M NOT THINKING  
ABOUT ANY OF  
THAT.

A FEW DAYS  
AGO, I COULDN'T  
WAIT TO GET OFF  
THIS PLANET, AND THEN  
ANDREA'S VOICE  
CAME OVER MY SHIP'S  
RADIO.

I WOULD  
HAVE LEFT ALL  
OF YOU HERE  
TO DIE--



--BUT SHE  
WOULDN'T  
LET ME.



I'M  
SORRY.



*Vidar C-24 medium shields engaged and prepared for take off.*

*Altitude thirty-five thousand feet and holding for one-two-two. Escape velocity to be calculated and transmitted.*

*Course set for final destination of Sol III. Program controls initiated and timed out at five-seven-five days.*

*Vidar C-24 heavy underway.*



# ALIENS

MORE THAN HUMAN

"Dark Horse's **ALIENS** might just be back on top of the science-fiction-action-horror genre."—**FANGORIA ONLINE**

A group of wildcat planetary prospectors plant their flag on a distant new world, rich in land, resources . . . and mystery. Within this seemingly uninhabited planet lies the greatest archaeological discovery in history, an ancient, abandoned complex of impossible proportions carved deep within the living rock, a mind-numbing labyrinth of passages, ramps, bridges, and galleries that seems to extend limitlessly. But as the exploration of the leviathan dead city proceeds deeper and deeper, the members of the team slowly begin to lose their grip on reality. But madness gives way to fear as the explorers begin to disappear. Something else lives within the necropolis, a faceless horror as deadly and merciless as space itself, a lethal terror that has waited centuries to awake . . . and destroy.

From the bleeding edge of terror, *Aliens* returns to comics featuring the talented creative team of writer John Arcudi (*The Mask, B.P.R.D., Doom Patrol*), penciller Zach Howard (*Shaun of the Dead, Outer Orbit*), and inker Mark Irwin (*X-Men: Age of Apocalypse, Batman*). *Aliens: More Than Human* is but the first stage in the *Aliens/Predator/Aliens vs. Predator* relaunch.

